Student Prints

June 1940

STUDENT PRINTS

DEPARTMENT OF NURSING

COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

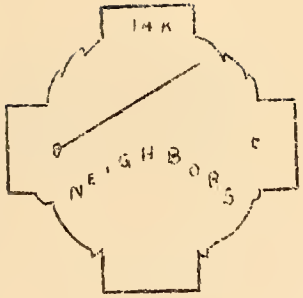
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

STAFF

EDITOR	AILEEN HOGAN
ASSISTANT EDITOR	DOROTHY GOOLD
ART EDITOR	BARBARA MESCHUTT
BUSINESS MANAGER	EVE KOHLER
TYPING	FLORENCE MESCHUTT

PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL SCHOOL OF NURSING

MAXWELL HALL



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MISS PHILLIPS	STUDENT PRINTS ADVISOR

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MISS GOODALE	MISS ROGERS
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MISS HARRELL	MISS VANDERBILT
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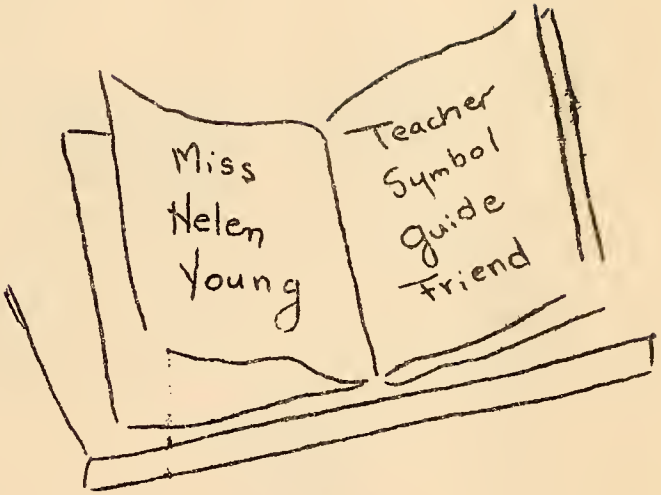
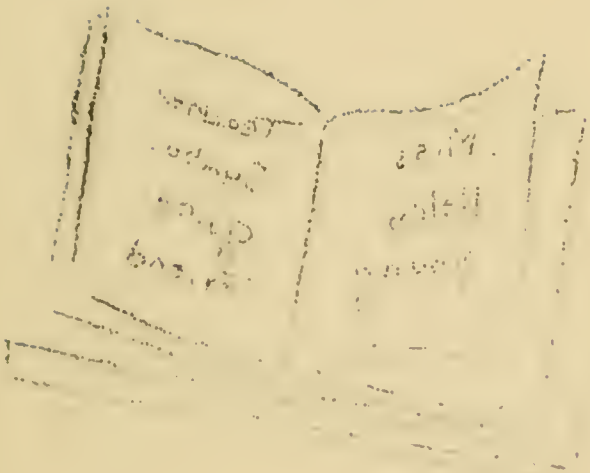
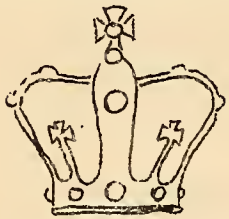
MISS HELEN YOUNG



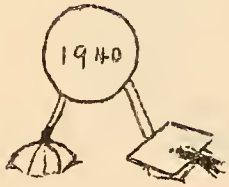


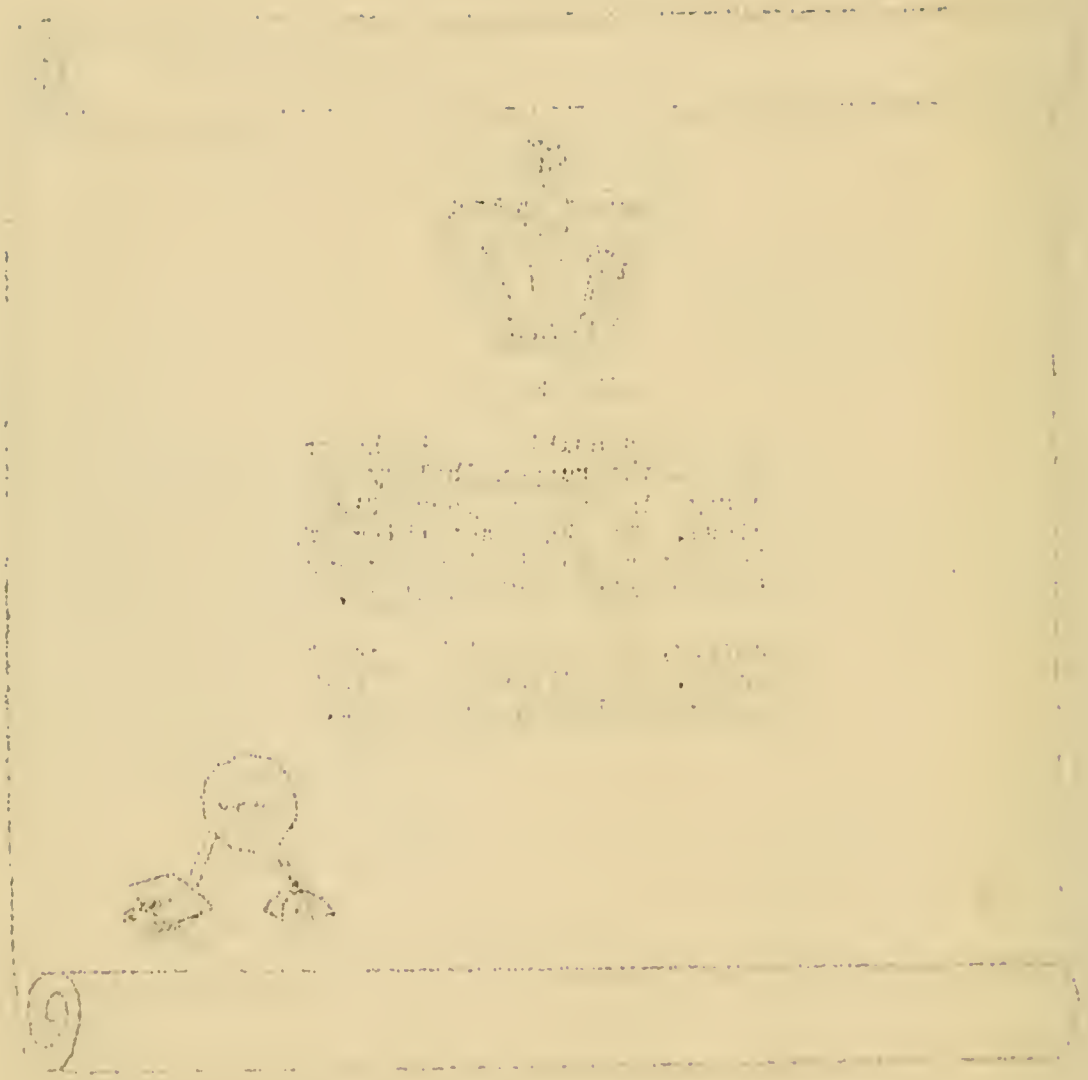


MISS CONRAD

We are sensible of the honor and of the responsibility we carry in being your first class. We know something of the hopes and the long dreams that go with a first class.

Humbly, and yet with a great pride, the Class of 1940 dedicates its future to you.





OUR ORIGINAL CLASS

The Class of '40 held its Class Dinner in Sturges. Anna Benson was toast-mistress. Miss Young felt that it would be a friendly and a timely thought to call the roll of the class as it was when we entered as Preliminary Students. The Roll Call and the succeeding articles are the speeches given at the Class Dinner.

February 1937-1940

Miss Aalto
Miss Bellinger
Miss Boyd
Miss B. Butler*
Miss M. Butler*
Miss Colmers
Miss Cowlin*
Miss Elder
Miss Ephraimson
Miss Friend
Miss Gault
Miss Hadden
Miss Hanny*
Miss A. Harris
Miss J. Harris
Miss Hartwell

Miss Hofner
Miss B. Hill
Miss Johnson
Miss Jones
Miss Keep*
Miss Kintzing*
Miss Klutas
Miss Leahy*
Miss Lindberg*
Miss E. Lyons*
Miss M. Lyons*
Miss McWhinney
Miss Mandeville*
Miss Moeller
Miss Molitor
Miss Moore
Miss Windrow

Miss Muelberger
Miss Olson
Miss Parilli
Miss Plaisted*
Mrs. Potter
Miss Ralph
Miss Resch*
Miss Rowe
Miss Samuelson*
Miss Schirmer
Miss Schultz*
Miss Scott
Miss Shettsline
Miss Sizer
Miss Soranno
Miss Sutliff
Miss Wilder

Entered - 50

Resigned - 16

Transfered - 2

September 1937 - 1940

Miss Adams
Miss Ahlgren*
Miss Allen*
Miss Anderson*
Miss Barmore*
Miss Barrett
Miss Bennett
Miss Benson
Miss Benton*
Miss Betz
Miss Booth
Miss Brophy*
Miss Brown
Mrs. Burnham
Miss Clay*
Miss Clark*
Miss Copeland
Miss Crites
Miss Crouse*
Miss Cucura
Miss Davies*
Miss Davis
Miss Diringer
Miss Driscoll
Miss E. Edwards*
Miss M. Edwqrds
Miss Falconer
Miss Fell*

Miss Fitzgerald
Miss Foley
Miss Foster
Miss Girton
Miss Goold
Miss Henabray
Miss Hersey*
Miss Hogan
Miss Howald*
Miss Hubbell*
Miss Kohler
Miss Kress*
Miss Kuhnt
Miss Lyons*
Miss Martin
Miss Maxwell
Miss Mayo
Miss Menge
Miss B. Meschutt
Miss F. Meschutt
Miss Moore*
Miss Nace
Miss Nicol
Miss Nothstein
Miss O'Brian*
Miss Ogden
Miss Papasaph

Miss Park
Miss Phillips
Miss Plummer*
Miss Price
Miss Pullen
Miss Reis
Miss Ross*
Miss Rulka
Miss Saliari
Miss Scharf
Miss Silfies
Miss Simmons*
Miss Slingsby*
Miss E. Smith
Miss Sparkman*
Miss Stemmerman
Miss Voss Brinck
Miss Wagner
Miss Walker
Miss Weimer
Miss Wills
Miss Wilson
Miss Wood*
Miss Woodburn

Entered - 79

Resigned - 23

Transfered - 0

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1940

'Twas a blustery afternoon in the year 1955 and I was braving the breezes of 5th Avenue, when I bumped into Elsie Moore, We got started on, "Well, have you seen?", and "Do you know where so and so is." We finally decided to really find out what everyone of the Class of '40 was up to so we dropped in to tea at the nearest crystal gazer and this is what we discovered.--

The first group of our classmates to loom into view were the ones who had forsaken nursing for matrimony. They were Isabel Betz, Mariclsie Shettsline, and Mary Soranno, The first to take the leap but followed shortly by Joan Bennett, Rosie Molitor, Annabelle Lee Price, Leonie Smith (we hope he's still buying her champagne), Kay Sutliff and Bea Bellinger.

Strange lands and familiar places were next in line. Hester Brown , and Wilma Park are in China doing Missionary work and Pearl Phillips is laboring amongst the South Americans, while thoroughbred horses, and orphans are being raised by Dot Davis and Mary Pullen in the Phillipines. A building resembling P.H. in a strange setting proved to be the hospital run by Katie Saliari and Mariotta (Pappy) Papasphiroupoulou in Athens, Greece. Doing active nursing in Aruba, Dutch West Indies and also snaring unattached eligible mining engineers were Angie Stemmerman, Julie Woodburn and Rosie Barrett. And up in the northern atmosphere of Nova Scotia Lydia Hadden did some nursing when she wasn't skiing with Janet Muelberger who comes up weekends. Their nearest neighbor is Alice Potter who is content to loll around Canada.The next stop was Hawaii, where we saw Billy Elder and Mary Windrow, who had gone astonishingly native. From the sands of Hawaii we suddenly found ourselves amongst the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland. Lisl Colmers was tramping up a mountain trail yodeling and Jan Monge was busy winning a figure skating contest at a fashionable rink.

Now and then we got a glimpse of globe-trotting Aileen Hogan and Sylvia Aalto--the latter still collecting things for her scrapbook.

A tramp steamer swung into view next and there was Flo Meschutt on

Poonys's tub acting as nurse.

In shorter space of time than it takes to travel, we were back in good old U.S.A.

Right near by Long Island we saw Annie Benson's Nursery School, where she undoubtedly spoils all the babies and next door to her was Dee Rowe's Orphan Asylum (ideal).

A gay Bohemian party was taking place in N. Y. C. given by Betz Nace and Edith MaWhinney with the able assistance of Betty Boyd. On the other side of the tracks a high tea was being held in the school for Junior Leaguers-run by Ruthie Ephraimson and Marge Hartwell.

At the same time Mimie Wagner was doing a fine job singing "Aida" to a full house at the Metropolitan; in the audience were Ginny Friend and Edna Mae Klutas chewing peanuts, while Connie Moeller and Heje Walker decorated the diamond horseshoe, resplendant in glittering tiaras and feathers. Joyce Conner was there taking copious notes for her "sassiety" column and Eve Kohler was noting the fashions. Suddenly Long Island came into view again. Sybil Johnson had just won her 5th annual yacht race.

A southern mansion then replaced the yachts, there was Peg Wilson entertaining in true Southern style. Her house guest was Babs Foster and Martha Scharf had just dropped in--she was just headin' south--destination ?.

We chuckled for quite a while over the next picture for here was Joan Harris teaching a burly backwoodsman how to brush his teeth and in sharp contrast was Anita Harris, looking quite trim and efficient, in a doctor's office.

Fleeting glimpses of the comfortable homes and big families of Reith Fitzgerald, Marge Copeland, Libby Cacura, Peachy Booth and Dotty Goold were then seen. Pete Rulka in Pennsylvania and Mary Scott in New England looked happy, raising chickens on their husband's farms. Betty Henabray too, seemed content surrounded by babies and cornstalks in Iowa.

Out in Arizona we saw Elvira Mayo doing school nursing--at the time separating one howling boy from one mighty prickly cactus. Right across the border Viv Olsen was getting her 4th or 5th divorce--this time from a Danish count.

Further West in U. S. A. was Mary Ogden, in sunny California, living out in the country owning a cat, a canary and a garden of petunias.

The crystal ball was growing dim at this point--one more scene was flashed on--Margie Girton still after the town of Shickshinny to get a hospital that she can supervise.

Thanking our crystal gazer, who turned out to be Reggie Gault, for the delightful afternoon we turned to the street. We just missed Lorraine Getchell--obviously still bustling about way ahead of everybody.

We did however meet Martha Reis and Ginny Maxwell, just returning from an afternoon's work of Making social service calls. They supplied us with information regarding the rest of the class. Fran Martin, it seems, is at the head of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Jo Nothstein is at the head of Bloomingdale with Bob Meschutt and Betty Adams efficient Head Nurses. Those Head Nursing in P. H. were Marion Weimer and Ann Falconer, happy to be together at last and Mary Foley is doing a fine job at private duty.

The best bit of news that the girls had was the announcement of Peg Nicol's triplets,which had just arrived but here Elsie topped them by correctly naming all of Mrs. Sizer's sextuplets. Getting to 42nd Street, we stopped in at Ethel Silfies Candy Shop to get some of her delicious fudge. She was busy looking at the latest copy of Redbook, the cover of which was adorned by a picture of Helen Schirmer. Looking thru it we made some more discoveries. Florence Voss Brinck was advertising Marchand's Golden Hairwash, Connie Crites modeling the latest fashions and Millie Hefner, illustrating the steps of the popular "Hefner Hop".

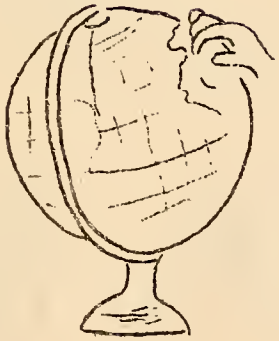
The next customer was Marge Wills, still in her Henry Street Uniform. She was all enthused about Mary Burnham's latest book review in the

Tribune which was right next to the picture of Betty Edwards and Ruth Diringer, soliciting for the Free Milk Fund.

Tired but well pleased with our afternoon's recollections Elsie and I parted with two thoughts in mind, one--the success of our classmates and the other--a fervent prayer that we'd both get to our respective Home Relief Bureaus in time to get our checks.

Respectfully submitted,

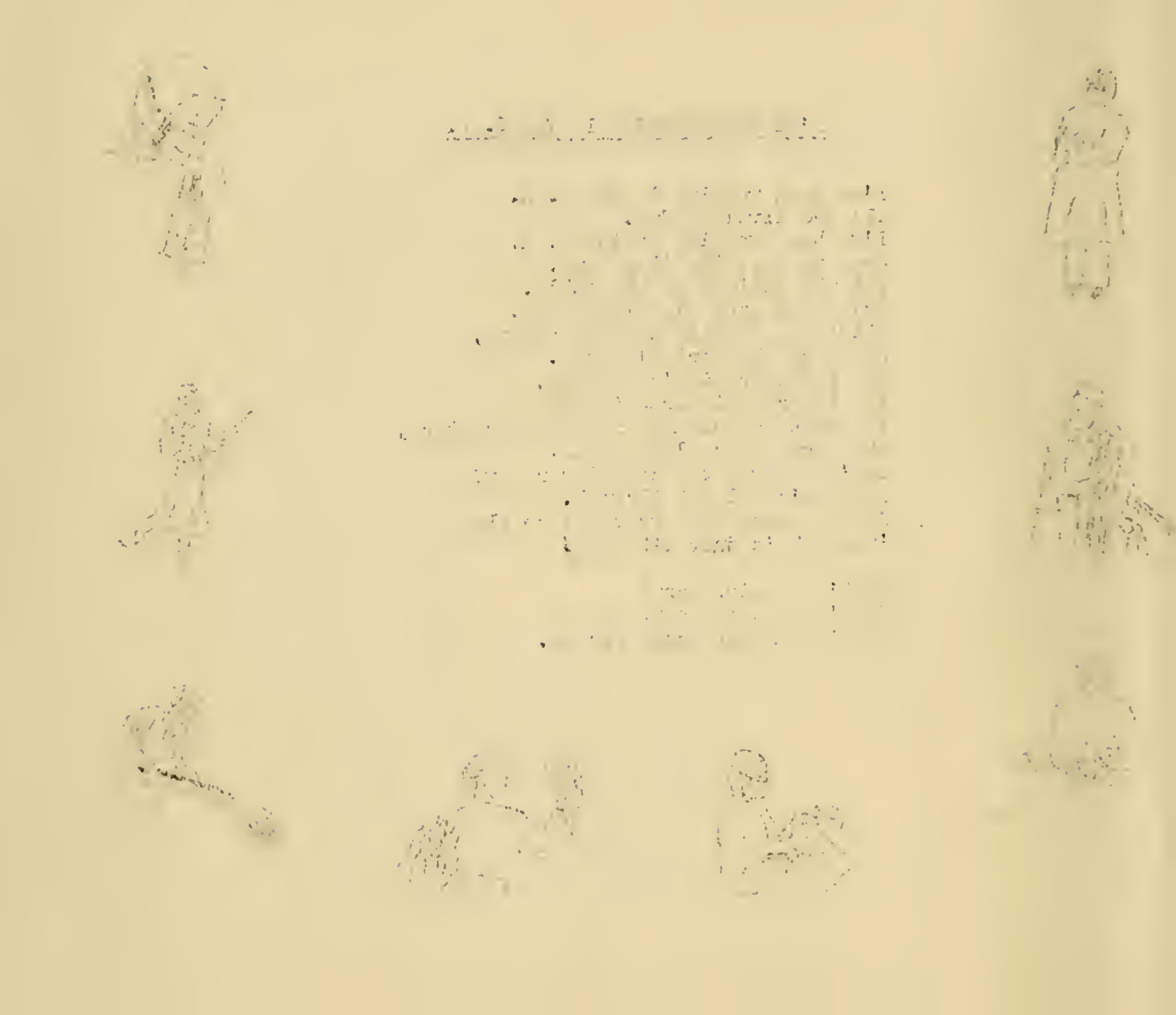
E. M. Kuhnt



I'VE BEEN WORKING IN THE O. R.

I've been working in the O. R.
All the livelong day.
I've been working in the O. R.
Just to pass the time away.
Put the patient on the table,
Drape and prep him right away.
Start the suction and the saline,
Bring up the portable tray.
Now the operation's started,
The instrument nurse is free
To count the clamps and the retractors,
The sponges are left to me.
Can't you get the dressing ready?
Look we're almost through.
Go and start the stretcher rolling
'Cause he's just like new!

That's a major scrub
That's a major scrub
That's a major scrub for me.



STUDENT PRINTS

At this Senior Class dinner we are awarding the Student Print pins. These pins are awarded for outstanding work on the school paper. There are eight girls eligible.

Each of the eight has the double qualification of having organized, and taken charge of her own department, while working well and efficiently with the group as a whole. These are the qualities which make any project a success.

But, when in years to come we look back on our happy student days, these qualifications are not the things we shall remember. Rather we shall remember:

Mary Windrow as a gentle girl. Capable of doing a hard job quietly and well.

Martha Reis as serious, loyal, dependable and fun-loving.

Barbara and Florence Meschutt--they have in a very great degree what is called "the Rooseveltian quality of indefatiguability"--we have never known them to be tired. To this they add enthusiasm and an immense capacity for laughter.

Eve Kohler brings us gaiety and that indefinable thing called charm. Remember Barrie? "If a woman has charm she needs nothing else."

Dorothy Goold has the "message to Garcia" touch. She produces a finished job every time. It was an article by Miss Goold on "Elephants" that brought us that very nice letter from the Editor of the American Journal of Nursing. Add to this an "up state" sense of humor and you really have something.

Regina Driscoll brings a wide range of interest, a quiet philosophy of living, and a quick Irish wit that has lighted the way for us out of many a dark hour.

I appreciate my staff--

Now in any organization there is always a slight surplus--if you are a Republican it is called "privilege", If you are a Democrat it is "graft", so as Editor, I, too, rate a pin.

Aileen Hogan

THIS IS OUR WON'T OR THINGS THAT WE DON'T

Generally speaking:

Get off elevators first
Take more than ten minutes for meals
Grumble at having to get up at eight
Think six hours sleep isn't very much
Consider lipstick part of being dressed
Feel self-conscious. in hairnets

And we'll probably never again consider:

Sunday a day of rest
Saturday date night
Movies something to be taken to
Essence of peppermint a confection
Bon Ami a good friend
A unit something concerning measure

Luckily we know better than to:

Give cathartics and hot water bottles for stomach aches
Sneeze in prayers without a handkerchief
Boil thermometers for sterilization
Think "Strep" Throats are something in Cecil's textbook
Consider flat tires and wrong subways good excuses
And that long days are anything more than the end of nights

Now we know:

That the O. R. is drudgery vs drama
That a clock is more than a timepiece
That a late pass doesn't mean 12:40
That 6 A.M. is closer to midnight than 6P.M.
That tired feet are something you'd be lonesome without
And that hats and stockings are the makings of a lady

Specifically:

Lee Kuhnt won't eat fudge
Viv Olsen won't sleep with her door open
Jan Muelberger won't sleep in class
Some people won't raise animals in Maxwell Hall
Mary Foley won't put drops in glass eyes
Future generations won't pay radio tax
And none of us will ever spell wabbly w-o-b-b-l-y

And we choose to remember:

Capping
Miss Young's "Good Morning"
Caroling on Christmas Eve
Our first vacation
Playing a radio without a conscience
Graduation Exercises
The garden in summer
The George Washington Bridge at night
The palisades in Autumn
The river at sunset
The History of Nursing Pageant
The Gardenia Fund
And Watson

NEW YORK DAY BY DAY

This is one articl o from the late O. O. McIntyre's column New York Day by Day. With a few changes it becomes applicable to any one of us.

That comic paper bromide about the stud rolling under the dresser has happened to me. You'd think every time a girl hunted a lost stud all the imps of Satan were turned loose. All one has to do is stoop and pick it up. Watch!

Well, maybe I did stoop too quickly but any girl of sedentary habits is likely to get a hitch in her--ouch-back. What one should do after 15 is take her stooping in a sort of slow parabola. Can you handle that one? An easy-going kind of swoop, I mean.

Some of the best stoopers I know do their stooping andante. This seems my day for letting fancy words fly. In the manner of the airliners, I may as well give you my position . I'm half way down and half way up with a crick in my back right where my bib straps cross. That's where I am!

Anybody wanting a snapshot for a kidney pill ad only has to focus the lens on me. Ald Focus at Home. Aside to my biographer: Notice in my moments of greatest agony I get off things. But somebody had better come here and straighten me out, so they had.

If anybody comes in suddenly, I'll act as though I'm taking a bow. What low person made that crack about stooping to conquer? With a head-dress of feathers and a coat of varnish they might put me out in front of a cigar store for an Indian sign, Chief Bender. There something snapped. Probably a G. string. Now I can move perfectly dandy. Pardon a second while I retrieve the stud. I'll be only a second.

It seems to have rolled a bit. Here I am on bended knee. Remember that song from the Floradora sextette? "On Bended Knee, tum tum, tee, tee!" I'm not a bad alto at that. A shade sour hitting E flat but look at the cigarettes I've smoked in my time. Going operotic is not finding that

stud. Button, button, who has the button? Look, I'm playing games. Maybe I'm in my second childhood. There has been talk.

The only thing is to get my head under this dresser and look around. Just about room enough too for a size 22. The wrinkle now is to be systematic. Go over the floor inch by inch. No one ever got anywhere in a rush unless you count the fellow they shoot out of the cannon at the Ringling Circus. There I've covered the ground thoroughly. The stud is not here. Don't say anything now but something else has happened. I don't seem able to slide my head from under here. A fine thing. "Nurse trapped under her own dresser". Don't stand there grinning. Hasn't anybody got a saw? Ring the fire alarm. Send for the police. Call the marines.

Probably the way to get out is by a quick yank. Yeah, well I nearly unlatched my neck trying that. I'll wabble a bit. That's no bargain either. I think I'm beginning to swell. Of all days for everybody to be out, it would be the day I get my head hooked under the dresser. Maybe I could tap out a message to the room below like miners in a cave. Somewhere I suppose people are dancing, winebibbing and cracking jokes. Life goes on.

But life hasn't meant much to me anyway. So it is just as well. Go on about your worldly pleasures. I'm all right. O, I'm perfectly swell. Nothing new for me to be in a fix. Every time I get my head above water somebody swats it with an oar. Or I get the blamed thing fastened under a hoodus. Out there in the distance are voices. That's likely fever coming on. The way I'm cramped up, I can't even get my hand to my head to see how hot it is. No, someone's laughing. They are lifting the dresser end. Free at last. I won't tell how it happened. The stud there in the middle of the floor makes it ridiculous.

D. Goold

(with apologies to O. O. McIntyre)

OUR LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We, the Senior Class of 1940, hereby bequeath and bestow the following assets and liabilities to all those who are to follow in our footsteps. Their legacy may not be great but we sincerely hope they will find a few characteristics worth retaining.

TO THE FUTURE MISS AMERICA OF MAXWELL HALL WE LEAVE:
A choice of Sylvia Aalto's golden tresses, Isabel Betz's braids, or that super page-boy that Heje Walker's been sporting. To prevent her from looking anemic, Dottie Jones leaves her Florida tan and Jean Bennett her Coty's Cosmetics. Her general appearance will be greatly improved by Marge Hartwell's blue eyes and Connie Crites superb figure. All these, plus the beauty that Kay Sutliff leaves will undoubtedly see her through many a stag line.

FOR HER PERSONALITY WE LEAVE:
Jo Nothstein's sophistication, Eve Kohler's charm, Lee Kuhnt's enthusiasm, and--if she can keep up the pace--Betty Boyd's vivaciousness. She will inherit her infectious giggle from Annie Benson and Rosie Molitor while her good nature will come directly from Billie Elder and Mimie Wagner. May she also have the soft voice of Mary Foley, the self-confidence of Reggie Gault, and the complacency of Fluff Voss Brinck. To add to the charm of this lass Sybil Johnson contributes her babytalk--to be used on special occasions. All these attributes, topped with the energy and ambition of Dottie Davis and the disposition and school spirit of Leenie Smith will make her a remarkable creature indeed.

Leaving this mythical creature we turn now to make the following personal bequeaths:
Anne Falconer--her perfect health record to the Infirmary and Co.

consisting of Dr. Moore, Miss Rogers and Kauffie.
Babs Foster--her car to Betty Bled soe to dodge puddles with on a rainy afternoon.
Fran Martin--her sewing machine to Mary Blaisdell.
Elvira Mayo, Marge Wills, and Regina Driscoll--their quietness to the Junior Class.
Mary Pullen--her ruddy complexion to the pale-faces of Maxwell Hall.
Edna May Klutas--her combination radio and phonograph to the ninth fl floor.
Betty Adams--her finesse for all those in trouble.
Ginny Friend--her Nelson Eddy records to Miss Hall.
Lorraine Getchell--her height to Euny Maatman.
Margaret Girton--her dry humor to Penelope Georgala.
Jan Menge--her upsweep hair comb to Dot Owers.
Flo and Bob Meschutt--the secret of their identity to the faculty.
Angie Stemmerman--her perfume to the Eureka gang(the O.R. gang)
And last but not least Peggy Wilson leaves her long distant telephone calls to Sally Gray, Janey Lawson and Dot Sauce.

WITH NO ONE PARTICULAR IN MIND WE LEAVE THE FOLLOWING THINGS:
Mary Burnham leaves the library and Anita Harrie the treasurer's perpetual headache to any one with a large enough supply of Aspirin. Lyd Hadden leaves her finger for anyone wishing a real Xmas vacation while Alice Potter throws in her ski jacket for this spree. Pearl Phillips leaves her natural curly hair to any one who would rather spend the time experimenting with Bett's Nace's mascara. Lisl Colmers, Rosie Barrett, and Bee Bellinger leave their alarm clocks for some one to shut off. Although we have begged her to, Jean Harris simply refuses to leave West Virginia, nor would Marielsie Shettsline leave her undying love. For the next girls overboard, we have collected Marjie Copeland's and Peg Nicol's engagement rings. Libby Cucura leaves her Russain boy-friends for all those enjoying Vodka. Hester Brown leaves her metamorphesis to those who can cope with them. After much hearty laughter, Viv Olsen leaves her tears. Edith MaWhinney's forgetful-

ness goes to the memory experts of Maxwell Hall. To any mechanically minded person Martha Scharf leaves her jalopy. The ability to teach bridge is left by Marion Meimer while Wilma Park leaves the Glee Club and Aileen Hogan leaves "Student Prints". Speaking of singing----Mary Windrow leaves her voice to all those wishing to sing in Prayers. The Sandwich Sales for the future Gardenia Funds are left by Martha Reis, and Ginny Maxwell, while Muriel Sizer leaves her twenty hats for the next rummage sale. Shirley Ralph contributes her well worn soap box for the defenders of the underdog, while Millie Hefner leaves her Xmas and birthday cards for anyone in a sentimental mood. Worldly experience for the babes in the woods is left by Helen Schirmer while Mary Ogden leaves her flirting for good. Betty Henebray leaves her apron insert for those outgrowing their aprons and Connie Moeller leaves her hats for anyone who can wear them with the same chic. Hairnets are left by Joyce Conner while Julie Woodburn leaves her hair doodling for preoccupied minds. Marietta Papasaph and Katie Saliari bequeath their community spirit while Mary Scott leaves her yearning for simple farm life. A hope chest is left by Dottie Goold to anyone who can fill it. Peaches Booth contributes a Round-trip ticket to Roselle while Annabelle Price leaves for Wilmington, Delaware. Janet Muelberger leaves her ability to ask intelligent questions at the end of a lecture she has slept through. A vocabulary--for anyone in the need of expletives is left by Betty Edwards and Ruthie Diringer. Ruth Ephraimson leaves someone else to listen for the buzzer while Dee Rowe leaves a well-worn path to the telephone for any girl with good feet. The stride which Pete Rulka leaves will help in that situation. Ethel Silfies leaves her food for the starved ones of Maxwell Hall while Mary Soranno--God bless her--leaves a late pass for everyone!

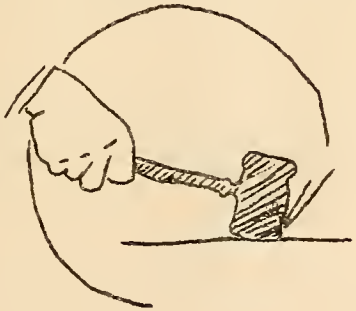
FOR OUR FINAL BEQUEATHS WE LEAVE THE FOLLOWING ITEMS TO THE FACULTY:

To Miss Rogers--a model room in which there will be no need to leave little yellow notes,

To Miss Phillips--an outdoor girl who will not only take her two hours of exercise a week, but who will also conscientious-

mark them up.
To Miss Vanderbilt, Miss Mutch and Miss Hall--tight drawsheets and perfectly mitered corners.
To Miss Ludes--a gold plaque bearing the Apothecary and Metric System.
To Miss Reddig--all our community spirit.
To Miss Eliot--her own encouraging sm ile for faltering probies future practicals.
To Miss Lee--the fate of all forthcoming History of Nursing Pageants.
To Miss Conrad--only our best marks.
And to Miss Young--OUR THANKS.

E. Moore



SENIOR THOUGHTS

Most folks won't tell when they get to '40,
But we confess, and we're proud of it, too--
To be in this state of Seniority
After many tight spots, and struggling through.

Do you remember the first day we came?
What a time we had with each other's name!
Sometimes we just mumbled and hoped it would pass,
But now we know just who's who in our class.

Our gray uniforms were soon given us,
Studs, each morning, what a bother and fuss!
Our rebellious locks subdued with a net--
(My restless hair isn't behaving well yet.)

Probie classes seemed endless, looming high,
But somehow or other they soon went by.
Each meal-time came, and we crowded the door,
It's a wonder no-one was smashed on the floor.

Christmas, and Santa Claus, and carolling,
Then the bright New Year happiness bringing,
For soon we emerged from our dear gray dress
And shone in our caps, and striped newness.

What boners we pulled, what blunders we made!
And still, with trying, we climbed up the grade.
Head nurses were kind, and helped us along,
So that we wouldn't be doing everything wrong.

[illegible] scratched each sterilizer,
"School-office offense" if it ran over!
The burning of rubber, another crime!
(Cross your fingers, hope there's never a time--)

The more we learned, the less we felt we knew--
(Should we begin again, now we're most through?
Or will there come a day when we shall know
Just what, and how the answers all should go?)

There're 88 of us in Maxwell Hall,
Of those who started here together, all
Of our class should be here,
We rarely speak of them, but their memories stay.

Friendships, generous and helpful, freely given,
Have made us happier as we have striven
To accomplish those goals we're expected to
As others before us have had to do.

Now the faculty can sigh with relief--
The rest of our stay will surely be brief,
Despite our frivolous, flighty way,
We hope we've not saddened their hair with gray.

We've been a worry, I'm sure it's the truth--
Perhaps they'll forgive us because of our youth.
Just in thinking it over, would it be wise
To say that we often heed their advice.

Such turmoil, and shrieks, and gay, old times
Have worried the walls of this Maxwell Hall--
Next year she can recover from it all,
For this bubbling bunch will have said their adieus.

Mary Ogden.

REMEMBER!!!!

REMEMBER--The first morning after prayers--Miss Rogers said that she thought one of us had a little too much lipstick on, and the girl rubbed and rubbed and finally said " I guess it must be indelible, though I've never found it so before.

REMEMBER--The sleepy Probie in Anatomy Class who was asked what state the embryo was in and who promptly replied, "Connecticut".

REMEMBER--Writing in the Repair-Book,"Hot water tap" and then receiving a note from Miss Baird,saying, "I've been in your room and you have a hot water tap."

REMEMBER--The probie who dreamed she had been killed--the funeral was being held in Sturges. She was laid out in all her "Stripes", They were about to close the coffin when Miss Young said "Just a minute--her uniform is not complete. She has no hairnet."

REMEMBER--the student answering the phone on the ward. "Dr. Thal? No, I haven't seen her". And the male voice behind her saying--"I'm the one they want and my first name's not Lillian.

REMEMBER--the freshman, who, while on dressings was asked if a set was sterile, and who, much to Miss Stoddart's amazement replied, "Not very".

R. Gault
B. Boyd.

CORRECTIONS

The article "War Nurses", in the May issue, lists among the graduate nurses from Presbyterian Hospital in the American-Scandinavian Field Hospital - Elizabeth Osen '39. This name should read Vivian Olson '40. We apologize to both graduates for the confusion of their names.

The statement in the May issue, that a branch of the Inter Collegiate Gospel Fellowship had been organized in this school, was an error. Permission to organize a rreligious group to be known as the Fellowship of Christian Nurses of the Presbyterian Hospital has been obtained.